



# The Gods among Us



18 1 3

## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

This world is cruel. It inherently does not care about it's inhabitants. Nobody will save me, yet everyone will exploit me. This is the truth of the world, the true golden rule, the cold hard facts. There is nothing one does not do for their own profit. Everything is a scheme for someone to gain something. To every man, only their own lives matter.

Humans are inherently greedy, undeniably cunning, and most definitely malicious. Take it from a person who has seen his parents split, his friends leave, his home burn.

His dreams die.

Yet every day, I put on my best mask and forge into the world. I say my Hellos and my How are yous, looking for the perfect moment to strike. To have my revenge on these filthy people. To finally have a purpose again.

There are no Gods here. There are only ugly humans.

## Chapter 2 by Phantim



I've been thinking... for a long while. For what purpose was I born into this world? Whenever I resolved one question, another would arise in its place. I sought the beginning. I sought the end. I've just been walking and walking, thinking all the while. Perhaps nothing will change, no matter how far I go. If I'm to stop my journey, that is fine, too. Even if I were informed that everything has reached its end, I'd just accept it. But even so, I found an answer to yet another of my questions today.

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